

New York Dec 20th, 1843

Messrs Munroe & Co.

It is not in my power to supply you with any more Letters from New York. Of the 1500 I published I have but about 40 on hand, and I have orders for four times that number, which were received earlier than yours. Francis has sold between 500 and 600. He has but about 25 on hand, and called for more, three weeks ago. I could not then furnish him with any, because the few remaining in my hands were not bound. I cannot now furnish him with more than 20. So small a number would hardly be worth dividing between you.

The book has sold exceedingly well; much better than I expected. I would publish another edition myself, were I not straitened for means. I think another edition would sell, but of course more slowly than the first. Five or six letters were

mitted in my first edition, because I feared to make the book too expensive. I know not whether it would be best to dress these up and add them to another edition.

If you are disposed to publish another edition, what will you offer me a thousand, for all sold, with the understanding that you do not pay me unless they sell?

I am much obliged to you for selling my English copy.

Yrs Respectfully,

L. M. Child.

P. S. Francis Geo. Shaw will probably soon present you with an order from me, for \$100 which I borrowed of him to pay my printer. Please to pay the money as soon as suits your convenience.

$$\begin{array}{r} 26 \\ 3 \\ \hline 19 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 120. - \\ 52. - \\ 13. - \\ \hline 120. - \\ 305. - \\ \hline 38.40 \\ \hline 343.40 \end{array}$$

$$36 \overline{) 300} \text{ (8)}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 40 \\ 300 \\ \hline 12000 \\ 57. - \\ \hline 8.50 \\ \hline 179.50 \\ 120. - \\ \hline 299.50 \end{array}$$

8

$$\begin{array}{r} 36 \\ 8 \\ \hline 288 \\ 36 \\ \hline 324 \end{array}$$

3000

$$\begin{array}{r} 230. - \\ 3 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 42 \\ 24 \\ \hline 168 \\ 84 \\ \hline 1008 \end{array}$$

.40

$$\begin{array}{r} 300 \\ 5 \\ \hline 1500 \\ 88 \\ \hline 100 \end{array}$$

James Munroe & Co.

Booksellers.

Dear Sir,

Boston.

S. M. Childs
New York Dec 28/43

solitary pilgrim, who goes thither with something of the tender reverence with which he would visit the grave of a beloved friend."

In Sunbury, at an academy, which dispensed its favors to pupils of both sexes, Miss McIntosh received all of her education for which she was indebted to schools;* and there the first twenty years of her life were spent. After that time her home having been broken up by the death of her mother, she passed much of her time with a married sister, who resided in New York, and afterwards with her brother, Capt. James M. McIntosh of the U. S. navy, whose family had also removed to that city. In 1835, Miss McIntosh was induced to sell her property in Georgia, and invest the proceeds in New York. The investment proving injudicious, she was dependent on her friends or her pen. She characteristically chose the independence and intellectual development of the latter. Her first thought was to translate from the French. A friend advised her to attempt a juvenile series of publications, which should take the place in moral science which the popular "Peter Parley" books had taken in matters of fact, and suggested "Aunt Kitty" as a *nom de plume*. The story of *Blind Alice* was accordingly written in 1838, but did not find a publisher till 1841. Its success led to a second, *Jessie Grahame*, which was followed in quick succession by *Florence Arnott*, *Grace and Clara*, and *Ellen Leslie*. Each of these little works was designed for the inculcation and

illustration of some moral sentiment. In *Blind Alice* it was the happiness springing from the exercise of benevolence; in *Jessie Grahame*, the love of truth; in *Florence Arnott*, the distinction between true generosity and its counterfeit; in *Grace and Clara*, the value of the homely quality of justice; and in *Ellen Leslie*, the influence of temper on domestic happiness. In 1844, *Conquest and Self-Conquest*, and *Woman an Enigma*, were published by the Harpers. In 1845, the same publishers brought out *Praise and Principle*, and a child's tale called *The Cousins*. Her next work, *To Seem and to Be*, was published in 1846 by the Appletons, who, in 1847, republished *Aunt Kitty's Tales*, collected from the previous editions into a single volume. In 1848, the same house published *Charms and Counter Charms*, and the next year, *Donaldson Manor*, a collection of articles written at various times for magazines, and strung together by a slight thread. In 1850, was brought out *Woman in America*, the only purely didactic work the author has published. In 1853, appeared *The Lifty and the Lonely*, a picture of the life of the slave and the master, in the southern portion of the United States.

In England, Miss McIntosh's books have enjoyed a good reputation, with a large popular sale. They were first introduced by the eminent tragedian, Mr. Macready, who, having obtained *Aunt Kitty's Tales* in this country to take home to his children, read them himself on the voyage, as he afterwards wrote to a friend in this city, with such pleasure, that soon after his arrival in London he placed them in the hands of a publisher, who reproduced them there. The author's other books have been published in England as they made their appearance in America, and in the competition for uncopyrighted foreign literature, by more than one London publisher; though with the liberty of occasionally changing the name.

THE BROTHERS; OR, IN THE FASHION AND ABOVE THE FASHION.*

"Some men are born to greatness—some achieve greatness—and some have greatness thrust upon them." Henry Manning belonged to the second of these three great classes. The son of a mercantile adventurer, who won and lost a fortune by speculation, he found himself at sixteen years of age called on to choose between the life of a Western farmer, with its vigorous action, stirring incident, and rough usage—and the life of a clerk in one of the most noted establishments in Broadway, the great source and centre of fashion in New York. Mr. Morgan, the brother of Mrs. Manning, who had been recalled from the distant West by the death of her husband, and the embarrassments into which that event had plunged her, had obtained the offer of the latter situation for one of his two nephews, and would take the other with him to his prairie-home.

"I do not ask you to go with me, Matilda," he said to his sister, "because our life is yet too wild and rough to suit a delicate woman, reared, as you have been, in the midst of luxurious refinements. The difficulties and privations of life in the West fall most heavily upon woman, while she has little of that sustaining power which man's more adventurous spirit finds in overcoming difficulty and coping with danger. But let me have one of your

* A few notes before us, from the pen of Miss McIntosh, contain a *souvenir* to the memory of this head master of Sunbury. "He was an *Irish Gentleman*—an epithet which he marked as quite distinct from that of a *Gentleman from Ireland*. He was a graduate of the University of Antrim;—a Presbyterian divine, yet not in early life after a very strict model. He would indeed, then, have answered Addison's demands well, being quite willing to avail himself of the eloquence of the classics of the pulpit, while he could take a hand readily, either in backgammon—Sir Roger de Coverley's special requisition—or in whist. In his latter years, however, for he has passed away from earth, he became an earnest and sincere Christian minister, and might have said to many of his order, 'I was in labors more abundant.' As a teacher he was unsurpassed. Taught in the niceties of his own language and of the dead languages, as few American scholars of that day were, he seemed especially gifted for the communication of knowledge to others. On his first arrival in this country he had resided in Alexandria, and had taught in the family of General Washington, as he was proud of remembering. When he came to Georgia he married;—there he continued to live, and there he died at a very advanced age, nearly, if not quite, a hundred. Even to the last year of his life he would have detected an imperfect concord or false prosody. When he was a teacher, the barbarous age of the rod and the ferule still continued, and the boys of his school sometimes complained that they were made to expiate by their application, not their own faults only, but also those of their fair companions, who were of course exempted from such punishments. To those who showed any interest in study, he was kind and indulgent. To myself he scarcely offered any constraint, permitting me often to choose my studies and prescribe my own lessons. The natural dislike of a vivacious girl to plod ever and ever in one beaten track, while boys, who were not always brighter than herself, were leaving her to penetrate into the higher mysteries of science, he stimulated rather than repressed, producing thus an emulation, which gave a healthy impulse to both parties. I remember often to have heard Dr. McWhir—for this was the name of the master—say, that this rivalry had done more for his school than a dozen rods, and I am quite sure that with it there mingled no bitterness, for some of those lads have been among the best friends of my life. The peculiar training of such a school must of course have exercised no small influence on the mental characteristics. It perhaps enabled me to exercise more readily the self-reliance necessary when thrown on my own resources,—yet it never inclined me for a moment to the vagaries of those who stand forth as the champions of women's rights. He who best understood the nature He had formed, assigned to woman a position of subjection and dependence, and I consider the noblest right to be, the right intelligently to obey His laws. In that obedience is found, doubtless, the highest honor of man or woman."

* From the Evenings at Donaldson Manor.

boys, and by the time he has arrived at manhood, he will be able, I doubt not, to offer you in his home all the comforts, if not all the elegances of your present abode."

Mrs. Manning consented; and now the question was, which of her sons should remain with her, and which should accompany Mr. Morgan. To Henry Manning, older by two years than his brother George, the choice of situations was submitted. He went with his uncle to the Broadway establishment, heard the duties which would be demanded from him, the salary which would be given, saw the grace with which the *élégants* behind the counter displayed their silks, and satins, and velvets, to the *élégantes* before the counter, and the decision with which they promulgated the decrees of fashion; and with that just sense of his own powers which is the accompaniment of true genius, he decided at once that there lay his vocation. George, who had not been without difficulty kept quiet while his brother was forming his decision, as soon as it was announced, sprang forward with a whoop that would have suited a Western forest better than a New York drawing-room, threw the Horace he was reading across the table, clasped first his mother and then his uncle in his arms, and exclaimed, "I am the boy for the West. I will help you to fell forests and build cities there, uncle. Why should not we build cities as well as Romulus and Remus?"

"I will supply your cities with all their silks, and satins, and velvets, and laces, and charge them nothing, George," said Henry Manning with that air of superiority with which the worldly-wise often look on the sallies of the enthusiast.

"You make my head ache, my son," complained Mrs. Manning, shrinking from his boisterous gratulation;—but Mr. Morgan returned his hearty embrace, and as he gazed into his bold, bright face, with an eye as bright as his own, replied to his burst of enthusiasm, "You *are* the very boy for the West, George. It is out of such brave stuff that pioneers and city-builders are always made."

Henry Manning soon bowed himself into the favor of the ladies who formed the principal customers of his employer. By his careful and really correct habits, and his elegant taste in the selection and arrangement of goods, he became also a favorite with his employers themselves. They needed an agent for the selection of goods abroad, and they sent him. He purchased cloths for them in England and silks in France, and came home with the reputation of a travelled man. Having persuaded his mother to advance a capital for him by selling out the bank stock in which Mr. Morgan had funded her little fortune, at twenty-four years of age he commenced business for himself as a French importer. Leaving a partner to attend to the sales at home, he went abroad for the selection of goods, and the further enhancement of his social reputation. He returned in two years with a fashionable figure, a most *recherché* style of dress, moustachios of the most approved cut, and whiskers of faultless curl—a finished gentleman in his own conceit. With such attractions, the *prestige* which he derived from his reported travels and long residence abroad, and the *savoir faire* of one who had made the conventional arrangements of society his study, he quickly rose to the summit of his wishes, to the point which it had been his life's ambition to attain. He became the umpire of taste, and his word was received as the fiat of fashion. He continued to reside with his mother, and paid great attention to her style of dress, and the arrangements of her house, for it was important that his mother should appear properly. Poor Mrs. Manning! she sometimes thought that

proud title dearly purchased by listening to his daily criticisms on appearance, language, manners, which had been esteemed stylish enough in their day.

George Manning had visited his mother only once since he left her with all the bright imaginings and boundless confidence of fourteen, and then Henry was in Europe. It was during the first winter after his return, and when the brothers had been separated for nearly twelve years, that Mrs. Manning informed him she had received a letter from George, announcing his intention to be in New York in December, and to remain with them through most, if not all the winter. Henry Manning was evidently annoyed at the announcement.

"I wish," he said, "that George had chosen to make his visit in the summer, when most of the people to whom I should hesitate to introduce him would have been absent. I should be sorry to hurt his feelings, but really, to introduce a Western farmer into polished society—" Henry Manning shuddered and was silent. "And then to choose this winter of all winters for his visit, and to come in December, just at the very time that I heard yesterday Miss Harcourt was coming from Washington to spend a few weeks with her friend, Mrs. Duffield!"

"And what has Miss Harcourt's visit to Mrs. Duffield to do with George's visit to us?" asked Mrs. Manning.

"A great deal—at least it has a great deal to do with my regret that he should come just now. I told you how I became acquainted with Emma Harcourt in Europe, and what a splendid creature she is. Even in Paris she bore the palm for wit and beauty—and fashion too—that is in English and American society. But I did not tell you that she received me with such distinguished favor, and evinced so much pretty consciousness at my attentions, that had not her father, having been chosen one of the electors of President and Vice-President, hurried from Paris in order to be in this country in time for his vote, I should probably have been induced to marry her. Her father is in Congress this year, and you see, she no sooner learns that I am here, than she comes to spend part of the winter with a friend in New York."

Henry arose at this, walked to a glass, surveyed his elegant figure, and continuing to cast occasional glances at it as he walked backwards and forwards through the room, resumed the conversation, or rather his own communication.

"All this is very encouraging, doubtless; but Emma Harcourt is so perfectly elegant, so thoroughly refined, that I dread the effect upon her of any *outré* association—by the by, mother, if I obtain her permission to introduce you to her, you will not wear that brown hat in visiting her—a brown hat is my aversion—it is positively vulgar. But to return to George—how can I introduce him, with his rough, boisterous, Western manner, to this courtly lady?—the very thought chills me"—and Henry Manning shivered—"and yet how can I avoid it, if we should be engaged?"

With December came the beautiful Emma Harcourt, and Mrs. Duffield's house was thronged with her admirers. Her's was the form and movement of the Huntress Queen rather than of one trained in the halls of fashion. There was a joyous freedom in her air, her step, her glance, which, had she been less beautiful, less talented, less fortunate in social position or in wealth, would have placed her under the ban of fashion; but, as it was, she commanded fashion, and even Henry Manning, the very slave of conventionalism, had no criticism for her.

30.3.73

He had been among the first to call on her, and the blush that flitted across her cheek, the smile that played upon her lips, as he was announced, might well have flattered one even of less vanity.

The very next day, before Henry had had time to improve these symptoms of her favor, on returning home, at five o'clock to his dinner, he found a stranger in the parlor with his mother. The gentleman arose on his entrance, and he had scarcely time to glance at the tall, manly form, the lofty air, the commanding brow, ere he found himself clasped in his arms, with the exclamation, "Dear Henry! how rejoiced I am to see you again."

In George Manning the physical and intellectual man had been developed in rare harmony. He was taller and larger every way than his brother Henry, and the self-reliance which the latter had laboriously attained from the mastery of all conventional rules, was his by virtue of a courageous soul, which held itself above all rules but those prescribed by its own high sense of the right. There was a singular contrast, rendered yet more striking by some points of resemblance, between the pupil of society and the child of the forest—between the Parisian elegance of Henry, and the proud, free grace of George. His were the step and bearing which we have seen in an Indian chief; but thought had left its impress on his brow, and there was in his countenance that indescribable air of refinement which marks a polished mind. In a very few minutes Henry became reconciled to his brother's arrival, and satisfied with him in all respects but one—his dress. This was of the finest cloth, but made into large, loose trousers, and a species of hunting-shirt, trimmed with fur, belted around the waist, and descending to the knee, instead of the tight pantaloons and closely fitting body coat prescribed by fashion. The little party lingered long over the table—it was seven o'clock before they arose from it.

"Dear mother," said George Manning, "I am sorry to leave you this evening, but I will make you rich amends to-morrow by introducing to you the friend I am going to visit, if you will permit me. Henry, it is so long since I was in New York that I need some direction in finding my way—must I turn up or down Broadway for Number —, in going from this street?"

"Number —," exclaimed Henry in surprise; "you must be mistaken—that is Mrs. Duffield's."

"Then I am quite right; for it is at Mrs. Duffield's that I expect to meet my friend this evening."

With some curiosity to know what friend of George could have so completely the *entrée* of the fashionable Mrs. Duffield's house as to make an appointment there, Henry proposed to go with him and show him the way. There was a momentary hesitation in George's manner before he replied; "Very well, I shall be obliged to you."

"But—excuse me, George—you are not surely going in that dress—this is one of Mrs. Duffield's reception evenings, and, early as it is, you will find company there."

George laughed as he replied; "They must take me as I am, Henry. We do not receive our fashions from Paris at the West."

Henry almost repented his offer to accompany his brother, but it was too late to withdraw; for George, unconscious of this feeling, had taken his cloak and cap, and was awaiting his escort. As they approached Mrs. Duffield's house, George, who had hitherto led the conversation, became silent, or answered his brother only in monosyllables, and then not always to the purpose. As they entered the hall, the hats and cloaks displayed there showed that, as Henry supposed, they were not the earliest

visitors. George paused for a moment, and said, "You must go in without me, Henry. Show me to a room where there is no company," he continued, turning to a servant—"and take this card in to Mrs. Duffield—he sure to give it to Mrs. Duffield herself."

The servant bowed low to the commanding stranger; and Henry, almost mechanically, obeyed his direction, muttering to himself, "Free and easy, upon my honor." He had scarcely entered the usual reception-room, and made his bow to Mrs. Duffield, when the servant presented his brother's card. He watched her closely, and saw a smile playing over her lips as her eyes rested on it. She glanced anxiously at Miss Harcourt, and crossing the room to a group in which she stood, she drew her aside. After a few whispered words, Mrs. Duffield placed the card in Miss Harcourt's hand. A sudden flash of joy irradiated every feature of her beautiful face, and Henry Manning saw that, but for Mrs. Duffield's restraining hand, she would have rushed from the room. Recalled thus to a recollection of others, she looked around her, and her eyes met his. In an instant her face was covered with blushes, and she drew back with embarrassed consciousness—almost immediately, however, she raised her head with a proud, bright expression, and though she did not look at Henry Manning, he felt that she was conscious of his observation, as she passed with a composed yet joyous step from the room.

Henry Manning was awaking from a dream. It was not a very pleasant awakening; but as his vanity rather than his heart was touched, he was able to conceal his chagrin, and appear as interesting and agreeable as usual. He now expected, with some impatience, the *dénouement* of the comedy. An hour passed away, and Mrs. Duffield's eye began to consult the marble clock on her mantel-piece. The chime for another half hour rang out; and she left the room and returned in a few minutes, leaning on the arm of George Manning.

"Who is that?—What noble-looking man is that?" were questions Henry Manning heard from many—from a very few only the exclamation, "How oddly he is dressed!" Before the evening was over Henry began to feel that he was eclipsed on his own theatre—that George, if not *in the fashion*, was yet more *the fashion* than he.

Following the proud happy glance of his brother's eye, a quarter of an hour later, Henry saw Miss Harcourt entering the room in an opposite direction from that in which he had lately come. If this were a *ruse* on her part to veil the connexion between their movements, it was a fruitless caution. None who had seen her before could fail now to observe the softened character of her beauty, and those who saw

A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face—

whenever his eyes rested on her, could scarcely doubt his influence over her.

The next morning George Manning brought Miss Harcourt to visit his mother; and Mrs. Manning rose greatly in her son Henry's estimation when he saw the affectionate deference evinced towards her by the proud beauty.

"How strange my manner must have seemed to you sometimes!" said Miss Harcourt to Henry one day. "I was engaged to George long before I met you in Europe; and though I never had courage to mention him to you, I wondered a little that you never spoke of him. I never doubted for a moment that you were acquainted with our engagement."

"I do not even yet understand where and how you and George met."

"We met at home—my father was governor of the territory—State now—in which your unele lives: our homes were very near each other's, and so we met almost daily while I was still a child. We have had all sorts of adventures together; for George was a great favorite with my father, and I was permitted to go with him anywhere. He has saved my life twice—once at the imminent peril of his own, when with the wilfulness of a spoiled child I would ride a horse which he told me I could not manage. Oh! you know not half his nobleness," and tears moistened the bright eyes of the happy girl.

Henry Manning was touched through all his conventionalism, yet the moment after he said, "George is a fine fellow, certainly; but I wish you could persuade him to dress a little more like other people."

"I would not if I could," exclaimed Emma Harcourt, while the blood rushed to her temples; "fashions and all such conventional regulations are made for those who have no innate perception of the right, the noble, the beautiful—not for such as he—he is above fashion."

What Emma would not ask, she yet did not fail to recognise as another proof of correct judgment, when George Manning laid aside his Western costume and assumed one less remarkable.

Henry Manning had received a new idea—that there are those who are above the fashion. Allied to this was another thought, which in time found entrance to his mind, that it would be at least as profitable to devote our energies to the acquisition of true nobility of soul, pure and high thought and refined taste, as to the study of those conventionalisms which are but their outer garment, and can at best only conceal, for a short time, their absence.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE maiden name of Mrs. Child was Francis. She was born in Massachusetts, but passed a portion of her earlier career in Maine, where her father removed shortly after her birth.

In the year 1824 she published her first work, *Hobomok*, a tale founded upon the early history of New England. The story told by Dr. Griswold in relation to this commencement of a long literary career is a curious one. While on a visit to her brother, the Rev. Convers Francis, minister in Watertown, Massachusetts, she accidentally met with the recent number of the *North American Review* and read an article on Yamoyden by Dr. Palfrey, in which the field offered by early New England history for the purposes of the novelist is dwelt upon. She took pen in hand and wrote off the first chapter of *Hobomok*. Her brother's commendation encouraged her to proceed, and in six weeks the story was completed. In the following year she published *The Rebels*, a tale of the Revolution. Like *Hobomok* it introduces the most prominent historical personages of its scene and time to the reader, and with such effect that a speech put in the mouth of James Otis is often quoted as having been actually pronounced by the statesman.

L. Maria Child,

In 1826 she married Mr. David L. Child, and in 1827 commenced *The Juvenile Miscellany*, a

monthly magazine. She next issued *The Frugal Housewife*, a work on domestic economy and culinary matters, designed for families of limited means. In 1831 she published *The Mother's Book*, a volume of good counsel on the training of children, and in 1832 *The Girl's Book*, a work of somewhat similar nature. Her *Lives of Madame de Staël, Madame Roland, Lady Russell, and Madame Guyon*, were published about the same time in two volumes of the Ladies' Family Library, a series of books edited by her, for which she also prepared the *Biographies of Good Wives*, in one volume, and the *History of the Condition of Women in all Ages*, in two volumes.

In 1833 she published *The Coronet*, a collection of miscellanies in prose and verse, which she had previously contributed to various annuals, and in the same year *An Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans*, a vigorous work which created a great sensation. Dr. Channing is said to have walked from Boston to Roxbury to see and thank the author, personally a stranger to him.

In 1835, *Philothea*, a classical romance of the days of Pericles and Aspasia, appeared. It is the most elaborate and successful of the author's productions, and is in close and artistic keeping with the classic age it portrays. Most of the statesmen and philosophers of the time are introduced in its pages with a generally close adherence to history, though in the character of Plato she has departed in a measure from this rule by dwelling on the mystical doctrines of the philosopher to the exclusion of his practical traits of character. The female characters, *Philothea*, *Endora*, and the celebrated *Aspasia*, are portrayed with great beauty and delicacy.

In 1841 Mrs. Child and her husband, removing to New York, became the editors of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*. In the same year she commenced a series of letters for the *Boston Courier*, which were afterwards republished in two volumes with the title of *Letters from New York*, a pleasant series of descriptions of the every-day life of the metropolis, abounding to the observant and appreciative eye in picturesque incident and suggestion for far-reaching thought. McDonald Clarke forms the subject of one of these letters. Others are occupied by the humanitarian institutions of the city, others by flowers and markets. The peripatetic trades come in for their share of notice, nor are the pathetic narratives of want, temptation, and misery, the annals of the cellar and garret, omitted. Occasional excursions to the picturesque and historic villages of the Hudson, Staten Island, and other near at hand rural retreats, give an additional charm to these delightful volumes.

In 1846 Mrs. Child published a collection of her magazine stories under the title of *Fact and Fiction*. She has now in press a work in three volumes, one of the most elaborate which she has undertaken, entitled *The Progress of Religious Ideas*, embracing a view of every form of belief "from the most ancient Hindoo records to the complete establishment of the Catholic Church."

OLE BUL—FROM LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

Welcome to thee, Ole Bul!

A welcome, warm and free!